

Dear Sir or Madam

I am writing in
posting for the administrative assistant position. My résumé is attached, and I believe you will find that my experience makes me the ideal candidate for this opening.

I would appreciate an opportunity to discuss my qualifications with you in person. The Nashville company for whom I currently work is downsizing my shift as of Friday, July 19, and I am available to meet with you anytime after that. Please feel free to contact me at this address or on my cell phone at XXX-XXXX. Thank you very much for your consideration.

Sincerely,

EROTHY

#2

The résumé issue




July 11, 2008

Tonight I was laid off from my job.

It was not entirely unexpected; I and a few co-workers (which is to say the whole second shift) had thought for some time that the company was in deep shit. Over the previous week we had begun to speculate about how long we'd last.

The operations manager informed me that it came down to firing second shift, all the temps, and part of first shift, or going bankrupt. He also said if I worked through next Friday, I wouldn't have to pay back the vacation time I took early. I don't mind selling out for an extra couple hundred dollars before I spend God-knows-how-long unemployed, so I said okay.



This company happens to deal in repro-
graphics, meaning it's a fancy copy
place. I have taken advantage of this
in the past and used the copiers for
several projects, but over the next
week my final act of sticking it to the
man will be to produce this zine and
several others (one in full color!) ~~and~~
using compa ny resources. This job has
been good to me, so that is the extent
of my spitefulness.

To mark the occasion, this issue is
about all the jobs I've held. I hope
you enjoy it; this could be the last
issue of Frothy for quite a while.

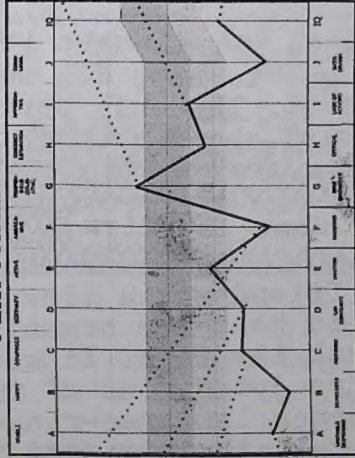


TAKE A

FREE CAREER ANALYSIS

Discover what your career barriers are and how to overcome them by filling out a FREE Personality Questionnaire.

PERSONALITY TEST



Do you procrastinate too much?

Do you lack self confidence?

Too much stress?

Too much self-criticism?

What are your strengths?

Are you connecting with others like you should?

Do you sabotage yourself?

TO SCHEDULE AN APPOINTMENT CALL (615) 320-5550
 Church of Scientology Celebrity Centre Nashville
 1204 16th Avenue South, Nashville, TN 37212

1992 - 1999: Silver Feather Jewelry

This was my mom's business and I technically worked for her throughout my childhood. When I wasn't buffing silver and copper in her workshop, I was helping in the booth at art shows, setting up displays and telling people about the pieces when Mom was busy.

My friends all thought it was awesome that I got to help Mom make jewelry; I hated it. The only perk was traveling to art shows around the country.

2001 (?): Some law firm

A family friend was a licensed CPA who hired me to help her organize accounts for a local law firm. It was my first office type job - tons of filing and putting pages in three-ring binders. I absolutely loathed it, and the CPA knew this. When the school year started again she didn't ask me to stay on, even though I was homeschooled and could still have helped her out.

August - September 2002: Springfield 8

My friend Laura and I both got jobs at this theater at the same time. She is now a manager; I quit after six weeks. We worked in concessions, shoveling popcorn and pouring drinks in our absurd maroon vests and clip-on ties. I had heard that fake butter flavoring powder caused cancer, and though I tried to hold my breath while refilling the popcorn machine I inhaled some every time.

My fellow coworkers were all slackers who bitched constantly about nothing and left me and Laura to do all the work. I never got to leave on time. Once I was stuck there until two. On my break I would sit on a concrete bench outside and listen to U2's "Kite". Finally I couldn't take it anymore and gave my notice.



2003 - 2006: ArborCare of the Ozarks

This was kind of a recurring temp job. My friend's parents ran this tree care business from home and their office was always hopelessly disorganized. They would call me in every few months to help them catch up or to answer the phone while they were on vacation. It was good experience in a fun environment with flexible hours. Can't do much better than that.

July 2003 - May 2004: Subway

I started working here because two of my friends did. It wasn't so bad; I enjoyed making sandwiches a lot more than most of my coworkers so I got out of most cleanup duties.

I worked in three different locations owned by the same franchisee. At the last one I only worked fifteen hours a week during the semester. On the day I turned in my summer schedule with vastly improved availability, my fuckwitted manager fired me because I "had the least availability". I wrote an angry letter to the franchisee and a couple months later the fuckwit was gone.

11 p.m. to 7 a.m., June 7, 2004: Dayco

This was the second-shortest period I have ever held a job. My cousin told me to apply for a job at Dayco, assuring me they hired students for office work all the time and started at \$10 per hour. Sold! I turned in an application and got an immediate interview and drug test. They told me to buy some steel-toed shoes and come back for first shift the following Monday.

I sat through a training video on forklift safety with a dozen other new hires, gradually beginning to wonder why I needed to know anything about forklift safety if I was doing office work. After the video someone came into the room and read my name off a clipboard and informed me I would have to come back on third shift because the person who was supposed to train me was out on workman's comp. I should have told them I would not be back, but I returned at eleven.

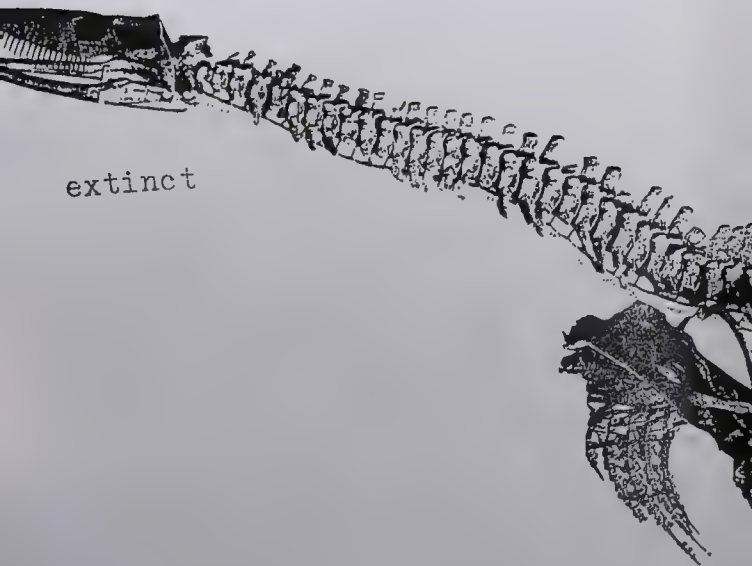
A friendly man trained me on some very large and hot machinery. My job was to sand defective labels off of rubber belts from snowmobiles, then slather them with solvent (inhaling noxious fumes all the while) and apply a new label. ~~XXXX~~ After an hour of that I went into the women's restroom and cried.

When I begged a supervisor to put me on any other duty, he informed me that once training was over I would be moved to second shift. No fucking way would I give up my social life, meager though it was. I made it through the rest of my shift, drove home, called the HR lady and told her I would not be back, and went to bed.

August 2004 - July 2005: Wannemacher Advertising

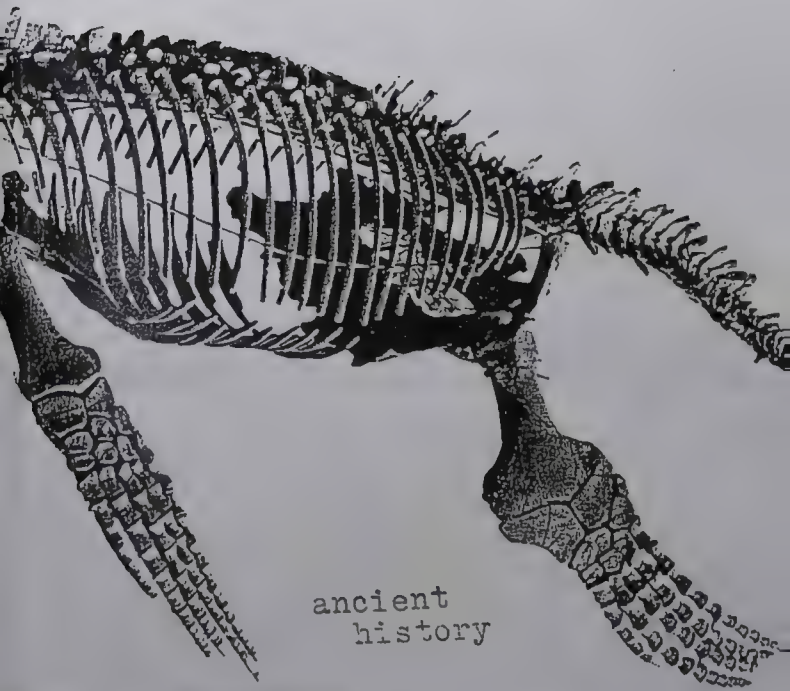
One of my Subway coworkers recommended that I turn in a résumé with this place. Four months after I applied as a copywriter, they asked me to interview for a receptionist position. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes, and then I was hired.

extinct



little fish

big pond



ancient
history

My duties were pretty straightforward: answer phones, type correspondence, run errands and so on. But after a ~~few~~ few months they actually let me write a couple radio spots.

This was the first time I had worked full-time while going to school, and I am still really proud of myself for doing as well as I did. In ~~the~~ July Mr. Wannenmacher told me one of their biggest accounts had decided not to advertise at all in the fall, and he would have to let me go. He gave me an awesome letter of recommendation.

June 2005 - December 2005: Carole

I answered an ad I saw on campus for a computer tutor. Carole was 78 years old, a spirited woman who collected swan figurines and Hopi jewelry.

I taught her how to use e-mail and sell some of her antiques on eBay. He typed letters to her deadbeat kids who would borrow money and never pay it back. Carole was dyslexic and had lupus, a real hindrance to using a mouse to navigate. She also kept forgetting everything I taught her, which eventually led to us calling it quits. Until then it was the easiest \$12 per hour ever.

July 2005 - November 2005: Gusto.com

When I saw the ad for this job, I thought it was a scam. Writing for a travel website at \$10 per hour? Come on. But I turned in my résumé anyway and got a phone call 37 minutes later. At the interview my future boss revealed that he listened to local band

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, and I knew this was the job for me.

My days consisted of writing reviews of places I'd never been and ~~a~~ linking to restaurant reviews. There was also a travel~~X~~ / gossip blog that needed to be updated at least once daily. It was a very casual environment and I got along ~~well~~ with my coworkers, but it wasn't ~~long~~ before I just didn't care about any of it. My productivity plummeted and I spent all my time doing random crap on the Internet. When they fired me, they gave me a generous severance package.

January - August 2006: Domino's Pizza

At the suggestion of a friend I turned in an application to be a ~~#~~ "delivery expert". A short, stocky bald man who swore a lot hired me.

Once I learned how to navigate the south side of town, this job was incredibly easy. I only sold a pizza to the wrong house once, and tips were generally decent. It's hard to complain about a job when all you have to do is drive around and listen to music.

August 2006 - July 2007: The Prescott Companies.

This was the worst job ever. Prescott is a property management company, and I started out as a receptionist in the downtown San Diego office. Same old office duties: answering the phone, making copies, typing letters to people who broke their HOA rules.

Then, because the company was seriously shorthanded, my evil cunt of a boss put me in charge of a high-rise full of whiny millionaires. I would catch the bus downtown and arrive at 7:30 a.m. and make sure the concierge had done his or her morning duties, then settle in on the lobby's couch to wait until 10, when the concierge left and I could get the front desk.

Once, the sister of the guy who owned the building had some guests over. They had their own key and door fob for entry but came to the front desk to find out where to park. I told them which space was open, and they proceeded to park in a space that belonged to the building's most contentious resident. He had them towed after I left and I didn't find

ut about it until Saturday morning. The woman claimed she hadn't invited any guests and I had to go back through security footage to find a picture of them for reference before she finally remembered. Shit like that happened at least once a month.

When I gave my month's notice, the evil cunt sent me an e-mail saying that some residents (by which I knew she meant the insufferable complainer) had complained about me sitting on the couch during overlap hours. She said she would be replacing me immediately. The poor, sweet girl I had to train before I left was the cunt's daughter's best friend. I wished her luck and spent my last two weeks back in the downtown office where I organized files, stole an automatic numbering stamp, and sat around online all day.

August - September 2007: Demos'

Demos' is a small chain of family restaurants in middle Tennessee. I worked in their main office. It was horrible. My pig-faced supervisor expected everything to be done correctly the first time, every time. There was no support structure or quality control, no second pair of eyes to look over drafts before the final version gets sent. This is inhuman.

There were four employees in the office, and they were all women. Two had a pathetic rivalry going on, and I wanted no part in their office politics. Once I sent an error correction notice to the nearest restaurant and forgot to make a copy for my records. For this mistake, which had absolutely no effect on the company's profits or day-to-day operation, I got my job threatened. The Monday after I totaled my fiancé's car and irreparably damaged my knee, I put my two weeks' notice in Pig Face's in-box. She called me back into her office without even looking at the note and proceeded to berate and then fire me for putting a day on my time card on which I was absent so I could see a doctor.

I now advise anyone who asks not to
eat at Demos'

September 2007 - November 2007: Jobless

This was an incredibly difficult time for me. I would send out five e-mails with resumes attached every day and get no response whatsoever. I was crippled by ennui and it rubbed off on my fiancé; our house became a miserable place. But then...

November 2007 - March 2008: Babysitting

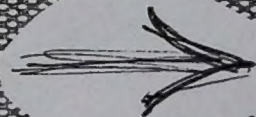
This started out awesome. I responded to a Craigslist ad from a family who needed a part time babysitter for their five-year-old daughter. My schedule mirrored the mother's: either 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. or 3 to 7 p.m. on random days. The girl was devastatingly smart (see entry in Frothy #1) and usually easy to get along with. However, I soon discovered she had certain behavioral issues that really should have been stamped out when she was 2.

For all that, everything was golden until they stopped paying me on time or in full. I began looking for other jobs

When someone finally got back to me, they still owed me \$64. I didn't get it until a month after I was supposed to be paid, and that was only after numerous phone calls and e-mails. I told them I would ~~XXXXX~~ be happy to watch the kid on weekends, but only if they paid in advance. They haven't called me since.

March 2008 - July 2008: PR Omnidigital

This job was thirty miles away in Nashville, so in four months I have put 7500 miles on the car we started leasing just before I was hired. They told me I ~~a~~ was getting a higher starting wage because of my experience, but upon consulting with my other recently-hired second shifters I discovered they paid all of us \$8.50 per hour.



PR specialized in litigation support, so 95% of my time was spent feeding paper into scanners and checking them for quality on a screen. At other times I would help with bulk mail projects or make a ton of copies or spiral-bind cheaply made books. It was boring as hell, but there were two benefits: my coworkers, who are all awesome people, and free copies.

I am going to miss this job immensely and have no idea what I'll do with myself afterwards. Maybe I'll finally get my ass in gear and make an attempt to really do music for a living. Maybe I'll will wallow in self-pity and get real fat. Maybe I'll make a lot of zines and not have money to copy them. This'll be fun!

Thanks: Aaron, for putting up with my broke ass; Mom and Dad, for all the free room and board; PR Omni, for the copies; you, for reading.

E-mail me! frothy@hannahrama.com

I will be at the Portland Zine Symposium in August with a sign that says, "Trade With Me!" So come trade with me

Frothy Press